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By FRANK P. MAC LENNAN.

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FULL LEASED WIRE REPORT
OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

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Associated Press.
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Surely the suggestions of the British press are wrong in their conclusion that the torpedoing of the Hesperian indicates that Germany's communication to the United States that she would cease submarine passenger ships without warning is merely an "scrap of paper." Such duplicity on the part of Germany is unbelievable, and an adequate explanation of the sinking of the Hesperian will assuredly be forthcoming.

Not a word from Mr. Bryan as yet about the outcome of President Wilson's diplomatic dealings with Germany in respect to her methods of submarine warfare. At that, though, the voluble Nebraskan probably hasn't reason to say much on the subject.

Incidentally, the activities along the Rio Grande and other portions of the Mexican-United States border, doesn't savor much of the fact that the United States and Mexico are at peace and maintaining the most friendly of relations with each other. When is the U. S.-Mex. travesty to end?

Open style football is promised for Kansas this fall. This is good news for the football fans. They may be able to follow a few of the plays. In not a few football seasons of the past, cheering in stage of the only pleasure the fan could get out of the game. And most of the time he had no idea what he was cheering about.

Secretary Mohler of the Kansas department of agriculture states that this has been a good year in Kansas for county fairs, the interest in them as shown by the attendance being much greater than usual. And this is only contributory evidence that the Kansas farmers are at all doing and taking advantage of all their opportunities to improve their methods.

Governor Capper points out that labor pays the bill for public extravagance and the mismanagement of public affairs. But the politicians who fool the people into putting them in office are the ones responsible for this extravagance and mismanagement.

Topeka's great fair with its free gate is now less than a week away. Are you doing and going to do your part to make it the success that it deserves? It isn't too late, by any means, to put in plenty of good boosts for the fair. Talk to your friends in other parts about it, either by letter or in person in the event that you make trips among them within the next few days.

The Battle of the Marne that saved Paris was fought a full year ago and nothing much has been done by the Allies in the western arena of the war since then. Probably they had next spring in mind for the great drive that they were going to launch against the Germans with success.

Not only is the Kansas hay yield of this year a wonder, but the price is also wonderfully low for Kansas. Still, prairie hay sold in Kansas twenty years ago for \$3 a ton. It is now bringing \$8.

SOLDIERS USING ARMOR.

The refurbishing of the military arsenal with equipment and weapons that have been consigned to the scrap heap these hundreds of years is not the smallest surprise of the great struggle that is changing the map of the world, writes Martin Marshall in Leslie's. We smile at the old saying "from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves" in three generations, yet it is literally true that one could paraphrase this to read "from ballista to ballista in five hundred years." Apparently nothing becomes too obsolete for regeneration. Ballistas, catapults, hand grenades, armor, burning oil, all are in use again. Apparently before the war is much older armor will play its part in no mean way in trench warfare. Last summer and fall critics on the Allies' side were laughing at the German helmet, but not only has that helmet proved its great value in protecting troops from shrapnel fire but the breast plate also has come to be recognized as a most valuable piece of equipment in trench defense. The

hand grenade has become a much respected weapon in trench warfare. For months it has been in general use along the western front, each side being able to use grenades to the great discomfort of the enemy without exposing themselves.

SAFETY FOR ROOMING HOUSES.

Surely there is nothing unreasonable in the plans of the state authorities to compel every rooming house in Kansas to observe the provisions of the hotel law, and especially in the respect that they be safe places for the people who patronize them. It is rather unusual, though, if nonetheless commendable, that there should be this effort to lock a stable door before the horse gets away. Ordinarily no effort would have been made to make the rooming houses of the state safe until a big fire had come along and smothered out the lives of many people living in one.

RAIL TRAFFIC DECREASED.

The railroads of this country aggregate more than 250,000 miles. They are long enough to go more than eleven times around the globe. They go everywhere in the land; they come in contact with every industrial establishment, the products of which must be transported by them; and they are thus in position to respond immediately and sympathetically to the conditions which surround the general business of the country. But the "prosperity" of the "war bride" market not affected this railroad situation in this country outside a few sections where "war orders" have been concentrated. In the twelve months ending June 30, American railroads received gross revenue from operation amounting to \$2,893,873,047, comparing with \$3,126,493,262 for the previous year and with an average of \$2,997,053,399 for the five years 1911-15. Operating expenses amounted to \$2,047,431,409, comparing with \$2,278,082,641 for the previous year; the ratio of expenses being 70.8 per cent in 1915 and almost 72.9 per cent in 1914. Taxes amounted to \$134,611,256, compared with \$140,100,770 in 1914; net revenue to \$711,830,382 in 1915 and to \$705,015,488 in 1914. The return on capital invested in the plant, estimating the cost at \$17,350,000,000, reached only 4.1 per cent in 1915, compared with 4.2 per cent in 1914 and 5.1 per cent in 1913. The railroads of the country as a whole operated last year at fully 60 per cent below this capacity. They carried the passengers of the United States 2,902 cents per mile and for each ton of freight hauled they charged 7.37 mills per mile. Apparently every inducement to travel and to ship freight was offered to the public. Yet the passenger-miles of last year were more than two billions below the average for the past five years, and the number of ton-miles fell off five billions.

FUTURE WORLD POWERS.

Raymond Robbins of Chicago declares that the preeminent world powers of the future will be Russia, Japan and the United States. But Germany has other plans in the premises. Still, if peace in Europe does not come in the next two or three months, and the war drags on for another year or so, the eventual defeat of Germany seems inevitable. And that event, England and France will probably have considerable to say as to Russia's sphere of influence for the future. England yet has her navy and the indications are that she intends to keep it safe and sound.

BUSINESS ON THE MEND.

After stating in his current weekly financial review that a decided sense of relief has developed in financial circles because of the outcome of the negotiations between the United States and Germany relative to the latter's methods of submarine warfare, Henry Clews, the New York banker, writes:

"Confidence in home business affairs is everywhere gaining, and in the best banking circles there is universal expectation of a good fall trade. Things in general appear to be on the mend. Trade and traffic are still below normal, but the tide is rising. The banking situation in the United States was probably never sounder or more satisfactory than at the present moment. The new banking system is working smoothly; and the danger in this part of our economic machinery is more in the direction of over-expansion than in contraction. According to a recent statement by the comptroller of the currency, the banks of the United States have in their power to expand loans fully \$3,000,000,000. The present harvest equals and is even exceeding all expectations as to quantity. Wheat, corn and oats promise to surpass the earlier government estimates; and the only drawback in the grain outlook is the reported injury to wheat from excessive moisture, also the certainty of a rush of wheat into European markets when the Dardanelles are opened. Wheat and oats will be record crops, and corn nearly so. The cotton outlook is, of course, unsatisfactory. While the situation has been changed by the placing of cotton on the contraband list, it will not materially affect exports since shipments to Germany had previously been almost suspended. The yield this year will undoubtedly fall considerably below last year's crop, which will offset the loss of exports of about 3,000,000 bales to Germany and Austria. Fortunately, there will be no difficulty in financing these crops on our own funds, as just shown, are unusual, and the offer of the secretary of the treasury to loan \$30,000,000 gold to the reserve banks for advances on cotton assures the south ample financial accommodation. So much has been heard about the extraordinary increase in our export trade and the phenomenal increase of exports over imports that the demoralized condition of our foreign trade has been overlooked. The fact is the war seriously injured both our exports and our imports; the harm done being overlooked because of the false glamor

created by big gold imports and the overwhelming munition orders pressed upon us by the allies. There is no real prosperity in the latter; and it is a gruesome spectacle to see Europe spending billions and billions for destruction, and ourselves also strenuously aiding this destruction rather than following productive pursuits. The greatest increases in exports during the fiscal year ending June 30, were in breadstuffs, horses and mules, meat products and automobiles. The most important losses in exports were in cotton (\$234,000,000), in iron and steel manufactures of the more expensive character and in agricultural implements. Turning to the import side of the account, we find that nearly all the principal items show serious declines, especially in silk manufactures, cotton manufactures, linens, copper, precious stones, art works, etc. The only increases of any importance in imports were in sugar, wool and rubber. These figures prove that the demoralization of our import traffic has not been generally appreciated. Its effect upon customs revenue is important, and if continued will next winter force some new form of taxation, and possibly a readjustment of the tariff. Under the circumstances, it would seem folly to cut off the \$50,000,000 of sugar revenue, which has always been easily collected and slightly felt. The returns of foreign trade for the next few months will undoubtedly show much larger exports. A good demand for our foodstuffs is practically certain, and the outward movement will soon begin. So, too, will the large shipments of war munitions, which up to date have been more or less restricted. A very satisfactory element in our export trade is a revival in the foreign demand for legitimate export of steel products to various parts of the world, including South America, which had temporarily withdrawn from the European markets. It is to be hoped that imports will also recover sufficiently to prevent the exchange problem becoming still more serious.

An Expensive Night.

Mr. Piety Hill entered the sleeping room safely with his shoes in his hand and prepared to undress in the dark, but his elaborate precaution was all in vain. A voice from the bed:

"What time is it?"
"Well-er," faltered Mr. Piety Hill as he pulled the little brass dudangle on the chandelier, which flooded the room with light and disclosed a very wide-awake wife, "well-er—I think it must be about midnight."
Just then the city hall clock bell rang once, and then it rang again, and, after pausing for a heart-beating period, it struck a third time. Then there was nothing more pestiferous than a town clock. It is always butting in at the unpsychological moment and spoiling a good story.

"Twelve o'clock—nothing," snapped Mrs. Piety Hill. "It's 3 o'clock. That's what it is. Where have you been?"
"Well, you see, m' dear—"
"I know," she broke in impatiently, "you have been trifling with the pastebord again, and your piggy bank is empty. You and your night prowling husbands gathered from about this neighborhood."
You guess right, my dear—for once.

"I'm always right,"
"Yes, m' dear."
"Well, out with it. How much did you find?"
A fiendish and diabolical scheme flashed across the rather bewildered brain of Mr. Piety Hill. He would lie to his wife. He would tell her that he had lost and won \$42. He would tell her that he had lost and won \$42. He would tell her that he had lost and won \$42.

"That's very good. You hand it over to me. It's just what I want for my new hat," he said.
"Eighty-four dollars gone tonight," he thought as he rolled into bed. "I wish for more after this. Honesty is the best policy."

At Zion City.
They've barred the shirtwaist peek-a-boos. They will not stand the shirtwaist peek-a-boos. They will not stand the shirtwaist peek-a-boos. They will not stand the shirtwaist peek-a-boos.

A spotless town, that is to say. If women see the thing that way. The order is a silly stunt. Because of course the women won't.

Jayhawker Jots

It's the opinion of the Elk County Citizen that the fellows who want war are too old to enlist.

It is when wearing out last year's suit, explains the Anthony Bulletin, that the styles look odd.

Perennial war comment, by the Humboldt Union: The Turks are doing more fighting and less talking than any of 'em.

Great flocks of wild geese flew across the Friday evening and night sky, reports the Douglass Tribune, and it asks: Who ever before knew of wild geese going south in August?

There are lots of people in this country, says the Phillips County Post, who think it will be just as easy to settle troubles by arbitration before several million men are killed as it will be afterward.

An exception to the rule that there is nothing in a name, Arthur Wise has given up his position in a bank at Plainville, and moved out to his father's farm where he'll undoubtedly get rich quicker, or richer, if he's already rich.

Told by the County Limer: "Does baby talk yet?" asked a friend of the family. "Naw," replied the little brother disgustedly. "He don't need to talk. All he has to do is to yell and get everything in the house worth having."

Related by the Toronto Republican: One negro was complaining to another of his wife. "It's money, money, money, all de time. I'm gettin' mighty tired of it." "What does she do with so much money?" queried the other negro. "I dunno," replied the complainer. "I ain't done give her no money yet."

It is only reasonable that married women and single women should have differing viewpoints. The Colver Record quotes Mrs. Alvin Miller as saying: "There ought to be several laws against some of the marriages that are pulled off. And then the Record says: 'Edith Remington as remarking: "Gee, it's hard enough now to get a man without making it worse."

Globe Sights

BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

Neatness is the greatest discomfort to a slouch.
There has never been a wood word to take the place of liar.
The boss is a leader if he chance to belong to your faction.

A gossip is a person who uses the jaw bone of an ass to hurt some one.
On the other hand, there are certain events the gossips fail to find out.
Public opinion is also apt to overestimate its wisdom from time to time.

Neither is anyone as wise as the gent in the information bureau tries to look.
The rule is that, if she has some Shape, her clothes are apt to fit her pretty well.

Do you talk for the good of the order, or do you talk for the good of the order?
The devil is getting old, but a lot of young devils are on the streets of almost every town.

When Jude Johnson dies many people will think that his rest has been broken, and not begun.
A man may think a good deal while entertaining a bushead, but his thoughts aren't for publication.

A villainous pessimist arises to remark that a wonder there aren't more suicides in the cold gray dawn.
Among the other rare specimens may be listed the politician who resigns except to keep from being kicked out.

On the Spur
of the Moment
BY ROY K. MOULTON.

Yes, Bo.
Fix the fence.
Buy a ton.
Winter's coming.
And staked gleefully or coasted.
Mend the heavy.
Straight away.
You must have 'em.
Any day.
Can the Palm Beach.
Just the way.
Hurry with the.
Buckwheats, maw.
Maybe, if we.
All prepare.
Weather will.
In fact, I hate.
Seems to be the.
One best bet.
What we look for.
We don't get.

A Mitten.

I wooed her in the wintertime.
And won her, so I thought, forever.
She vowed that she was fond of rhyme,
And wrote a brief note under my door.
Her eyes were of cerulean hue;
She had a merry way of mocking.
And though she loved to dress in blue,
She was not a "bluestocking".

Sometimes before the sea-coal fire
Close side by side our toes we toasted;
Sometimes we braved the north wind's ire,
And staked gleefully or coasted.
And once, when raged the bitter storm,
And she by cruel cold was smitten,
To keep her little fingers warm
I gave the maid a mitten.

She treasured it, or so I deemed,
Through days of gloom and of despair;
And still with her glance there gleamed
A tender light that seemed eternal.
And so love's tide flowed on and on,
And ever in my slumbers about,
Fond dreams of honeymooning.

But, lo! this morning in the mail
I found a wedding invitation,
Announcing (ah, the wretched tale!)
That she had caught a rich relation.
And with the word (alack a-day!)
She had broken the bond of our marriage.
The maiden had but this to say:
"I send you back your mitten!"

—Clinton Scollard in Judge.

The Evening Story

Don Adolpho.

(By Jane Osborn.)
Nathaniel Ewing was the junior partner in the furniture company of McGuire & Ewing, and, as such things usually go, every one expected that he would some day marry Katie. But Katie, pretty daughter of a banker, was as plain as day that Nat was head over heels in love with Katie. The florist and the confectioner could have told you that he sent roses and bonbons to Katie almost every week, and no girl in her right mind, people said, could have refused Nat. So the matter seemed as good as settled. But it wasn't.

"Nat," Katie said to him one Saturday afternoon as they were walking home from the country club, where they had had their round of tennis. "Nat, I think you had better not send me any more flowers and those candy morsels people are beginning to talk."

"Well, what if they are?" Nat was perfectly cheerful. It had never really occurred to him that there could be any serious obstacle in the way of winning Katie's hand.

"Well," Katie fumbled with the strings of her racket—"it might put me in a difficult position. I might be criticized."

Nat showed his complete surprise and Katie went on to explain. "If I should ever marry—if I were to be married soon, for instance, people might say that I had been seduced by you. You spend so much money for me."

"But I shan't ever let you marry any one but me."
"I know," cried Katie, her cheeks coloring. "How dare you talk of letting me? You have never even mentioned marrying me before, and now you talk as if it was all settled. I shan't marry just whomsoever I choose, so there!"

"Any one in mind?" asked Nat, suddenly tacking in a new direction. "What do you know about it?" exclaimed Katie. "Did I happen to tell you? Did you read the letters?"

This was a valuable clue given in spite of herself, and Nat went on cautiously. "Of course, I see the letters that come into the office—just the outside of them, and—"

"Then you saw those Spanish letters?"
Nat suddenly recalled the fact that he had noticed a rather copious correspondence bearing Spanish stamps and postmarks that had been coming into the office for the past six weeks. He had thought nothing about it, but now his curiosity and jealousy were aroused.

"Well, then," said Katie, somewhat relieved, "I might as well tell you all about it, if they haven't. You see, I have a cousin, Dolores, a very beautiful girl, fairer than I, and before father left Ireland for the United States this cousin disappeared. They thought at the time that she had gone into a convent in Dublin, but now it's all been cleared up. She really ran away to Paris, where she taught as a governess in some nobleman's family, and then she came back and married a Spanish gentleman, who married her—my Adolpho's father."

"Your Adolpho?" exclaimed Nat. They had now reached the McGuire house, where they were sitting on the steps of the shady veranda.

"That is what I call him. I have just had one letter from him, with his picture. All the rest of the correspondence has been between him and my father. And we expect he'll be here within a month, just as soon as father sends the check. He is to have the front room on the third floor, all done over in new carpet. That is, until we are married for I am quite sure it will end that way, and the lawyer even hinted at it in father's letter. In Spain they do things that way. Now, Adolpho's father was very rich and they lived in a regular castle in Tarragona; then when my Adolpho was at college in Barcelona his mother and father died. Adolpho was the only child, and his father's family was all dead. Of course, Adolpho thought he would have the entire fortune at once, but when they found that he would not come to the property until he was twenty-five—and he is only twenty-three now. In the meantime, he was to be the ward of his nearest male kin, who is to receive a third of the property as soon as Adolpho is twenty-five."

"The lawyer traced it all out and found that father was his only male kin, and that he was to come to live with us and if I marry him I am to share in his quarter of a million and father is to have enough to retire for life."

"But what did you say about your Adolpho not coming till your father had sent the check?" was Nat's only comment.

"Well," explained Katie, "Adolpho hasn't come into his money yet, and about all he had left he has spent on his new house. Now he has to come to advance enough for him to come over to America with. Isn't it thrilling? And Adolpho is so good looking—"

"I wish you joy," was Nat's sudden comment, as he sauntered down the street toward his boarding house, leaving Katie to her castles in Spain. It was three weeks later, and, according to schedule, Adolpho was on the ocean and would soon be at the house of McGuire & Ewing. He sent the \$200 to pay expenses, in gold, according to direction, the day of Katie's talk with Nat.

McGuire & Ewing was in a high state of excitement, and Nat, for some reason, had been going about his work with an air of mild content.

"Your Adolpho will soon be here," he said to her one night, after an

evening business talk with her father. "That Dago, cousin of yours is certainly lucky."
"He isn't a Dago," protested Katie. "Spaniards aren't Dagos at all. Anyway, am not so sure I am going to like him. I don't want a Dago for a friend, and lately you seem different."
Mr. McGuire laughed. "Perhaps Nat is a little jealous," he joked. "Perhaps he thinks I was the panic-stricken Halifax. But we shall see, we shall see."

Nat had been opening a newspaper clipping that he had carefully folded in his pocket. It was from one of the New York papers, and he spread it out before his partner.

"Mr. McGuire and Katie read through the article quickly.
"Oh, well," said Katie, tossing her pretty head back in a shrewd reflection. "I don't know as I would have cared to marry a Spaniard, anyhow."

And Nat, responding to the cue, took one of Katie's hands appreciatively in his.

But Mr. McGuire sat with his head buried in his hands.

"Nat, don't care so much about the Spanish cousin," he said. "It isn't that, but what a fool I've been. What of my \$200—now when business is down?"

"Oh, that's where I have a little confession to make," said Nat, now taking both of Katie's hands. "Maybe I'm a pretty damned fool, but maybe it was because I suspected something crooked in this deal. But when you asked me to have the gold sent from the bank I took the gold instead and put it into the office safe. I thought it would do you more good there than in the pocket of some unknown Spaniard's cousin." (Copyright 1915, by the McGuire Newspaper Syndicate.)

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

When a young man is too fresh he should be taken with a grain of salt. Even the theatrical manager hesitates to spend all his money to make a show.

Many a man has sustained a fracture of the reputation from slipping up on the truth.

The laborer is worthy of his hire. Even the comedian doesn't work for the fun of it.

In order to walk with an elastic step it isn't absolutely necessary to wear rubber heels. The elasticity of the foot is the best elastic.

Moving in circles isn't the way to get ahead, even though you may move in the best circles.

No, Maude, dear; there is no similarity between accepting gift edge security and buying a gold brick.

Many a man who can't see his own faults deludes himself with the idea that all the world is equally blind.

Mr. Buggins, like Buggins; he's a good old chap. Mr. Buggins, like Buggins; he's a good old chap. Mr. Buggins, like Buggins; he's a good old chap.

And I like Mr. Buggins; she can call his bluff.

Charity gets to be a habit. Give a beggar a piece of home made pie to day and he'll be back tomorrow for a peepin' tablet.

Wigg—"Do you believe marriages are made in heaven?" Wagg—"Oh, I don't know. Most of them seem to be engineered by the girl's mother."

"Yes," said the society youth who had just joined a hunt club. "I occasionally follow the hounds."

"Shake!" exclaimed the coarse person in the red necktie. "I used to be a dog-catcher myself."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]

Speak your mind if you must, but mind how you speak.

He is a sensible man who doesn't want what he can't have. A man who refers to a meat market as a morgue he is a vegetarian.

Foolish girls make a specialty of breaking hearts; wise girls run repair shops.

Shouting "Hey, there!" might attract the attention of a grass widow. But what's the use?

Many a man gets credit for being well informed just because people happen to ask him questions that he can answer.

When a man marries he cuts out the solo and takes part in a duet—and for two or three days thereafter he thinks his life is one grand sweet song.

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